

1152 P
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O PUER, UT SIS
VITALIS METUO; ET MAJOREM NE QUIS AMICUS
FRIGORE TE FERIAT.

HOR. SAT. 1. L. 2. V. 60.



Miscellaneous Trifles,

IN VERSE.

ATTEMPTED BY

WILLIAM NEWPORT, ESQ. *W*

LIEUTENANT IN HIS MAJESTY'S NINETIETH REGIMENT.

EXETER,

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY T. BRICE,

M,DCC,XCII.

THE MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK



OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

PRINTED FOR THE MUSEUM

BY J. J. JONES

NEW YORK

A CARD,
TO THE READER.

GRATITUDE, and not vanity, has induced the Author to print the following Trifles. A few Friends having requested a manuscript copy of what they were pleased to dignify with the appellation of Poems; in order not to appear insensible to their obliging partiality, he has prevailed upon himself to give them this form; tho' at the same time he is very ready to allow, that the only merit they possess in his own eyes, they derive from the approbation of those Friends.

in his own way they derive from the application of all these
in a very early to show that the only means they possess
of being able to give them this form; and at the same time
they are able to their original position, he has provided
the application of the same; in order not to ap-
pear to be a copy of what they were placed to
be the same. A few friends having
been called and the result, he induced the Author
to publish.

SIR BERTRAND.

A FRAGMENT.

BY MISS AIKIN.

ATTEMPTED IN VERSE.



T
W
H
B
B
By
W
No

SIR BERTRAND.

A FRAGMENT.

HOS UTINAM

HEROAS NATUM TELLUS ME PRIMA TULISSET.

HOR. SAT. 2. L. 2. V. 92.

THE knight with ease atchiev'd this hardy deed,
When t'wards the woulds Sir Bertrand turn'd his steed,
Hoping to cross the dismal dreary way,
Before the curfew toll'd the knell of day;
But ere one half the dusky waste he'd pass'd,
By diff'rent tracks bewilder'd he was lost.
Where'er he turn'd his anxious wishful eye,
No object but brown heath he could espy;

Uncertain

Uncertain how to shape his course aright,
He wanders 'till o'ertaken by the night.
The moon faint glimmer'd thro' the thick dark clouds,
The low'ring sky her silver face now shrouds;
Anon she bursts upon his dazzled sight,
Again as suddenly withdraws her light;
The momentary, faithless, transient blaze
A wide and desolated waste displays.
By hope and native courage now urg'd on,
He pushes forward thro' the way unknown.
At length by darkness and by fear subdu'd,
He dreads to quit the spot on which he stood.
He fears some bog or unknown pit around,
And throws himself despairing on the ground.
When, lo! a distant fullen toll he hears
Sound dismal, slow, and solemn in his ears,

Ere

Ere long he'd lain in this distressful plight,
And, starting, sees a dim and twinkling light;
Sir Bertrand seiz'd the bridle of his horse,
And t'wards the light he cautious bends his course.
After a painful march, and much delay,
A moated ditch impedes his onward way,
Now thro' the pitchy darkness of the night,
A momentary gleam assists his sight;
A large and antique mansion here he found,
By the deep-moated ditch begirded round;
Tall nodding tow'rs were at each corner plac'd,
An ample porch the mansion's centre grac'd;
Old Time of honourable age gave proof,
Whose iron hand had torn down half the roof;
And mould'ring battlements, by weeds o'ergrown;
Windows, that scarce a pane of glass did own;

Towards

Towards the court a shatter'd draw-bridge led,
Whose gates had long the post of honour fled.
Sir Bertrand enter'd like a valiant knight,
When from a turret's window glides the light.
The moon that instant hid her chearful face,
And hideous darkness fill'd the solemn place;
An awful silence reign'd. Beneath a shed,
With careful hand, he ties his faithful steed.
Towards the house with cautious pace he went,
With slow light steps he traverses the front;
A death-like stillness fill'd the air around,
Nor could his list'ning ear perceive a sound.
In vain he pries into each lower room,
'Tis all one dark impenetrable gloom.
A moment's counsel with himself he held,
The porch he enter'd, and his fears dispell'd.

Seizing

A FRAGMENT.

33

Seizing the massy knocker at the gate,
He struck a hard loud stroke, and dar'd his fate:
Throughout the house he heard the noise rebound,
And hollow echoes gave him back the sound.
After a silent pause of anxious pain,
Again he knocks, and all is still again.
Once more he gives a loud and furious stroke,
But vainly tries an answer to provoke.
Then, falling back, he sees the light once more
Glide from the window whence 'twas seen before:
Again he hears a deep and fullen toll—
The sound struck horror to his manly soul.
By terror urg'd, towards his steed amain
He flies, but honour forc'd him back again.
Resolv'd this strange adventure to dispatch,
He draws his sword, and boldly lifts the latch;

The

The door reluctant on its hinges turns,
Whilst with fresh ardour now Sir Bertrand burns :
He enters with a bold determin'd mind ;
The door with thund'ring noise is shut behind.
His blood now chills. In vain his might assails
The fast-clos'd door, for ev'ry effort fails.
With trembling hand to find the lock he tries ;
His trembling hand its wonted aid denies.
Across the ample hall he strains his sight,
And on the staircase views a glimm'ring light ;
The same he'd from the window seen he found
Here shed a faint and dismal gleam around.
His heart quick palpitating, panting beats ;
The knight advances, and the light retreats.
Now on the staircase, wishing all well o'er,
He slowly mounts ; the flame retires before :

Along

Along a spacious gallery it glides;
In silent horror after it he strides:
Tho' e'er so light, to touch the floor he dreads,
And startles at the echoes as he treads.
Now to another staircase leads the knight;
Then vanish'd suddenly before his sight.
Again a fullen toll affails his ears;
His bristling hair confess'd his inward fears;
His blood now tingling flow'd thro' ev'ry part;
Sir Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart.
Chaotic darkness ev'ry object blends;
And now with outstretch'd arms the knight ascends,
A dead-cold hand his left hand grasps anon,
And with a force resistless drags him on.
In vain he tries his hand to disengage;
His sword he lifts, and strikes with fearful rage:

A piercing

A piercing shriek he hears, and then a groan,
And holds the pow'rless limb within his own.
The limb he drops; and now quite desp'rate made,
He rushes on, no more of death afraid.
The narrow winding stairs, with moss o'ergrown,
Were half fill'd up with dust and mould'ring stone.
Strait, and more narrow yet the staircase grew,
As t'wards the top Sir Bertrand nearer drew;
An iron grate oppos'd his onward course,
Which op'ning yielded to his utmost force.
A low and winding passage here he sees,
And enters boldly on his hands and knees.
A heavy hollow groan again he hears,
Which thro' the murky vault salutes his ears.
Onwards he crawls along the green dank floor,
And sees again the light he'd seen before:

And

A FRAGMENT.

17

And now the passage wide and wider grows,
Which suddenly strange wonders doth disclose.
Another lofty gallery appears,
Whose Gothic architecture spoke its years;
A giant form in polish'd armour bright,
(Whose threat'ning gestures ne'er dismay'd the knight)
A bleeding stump presented to his view;
Then, with menacing frowns, a sword it drew.
Sir Bertrand aim'd a blow with all his might—
It dropp'd a key; and vanish'd from his sight.
And now with curious eyes the knight explores
Th' extensive space, and sees two folding doors.
The pale blue flame which hereto onward led,
Refts on the portal's huge colossal head.
Impatient here the massy key he tries,
And stranger wonders meet his starting eyes.

B

Upon

Upon a bier a sable coffin lay;
Two blazing tapers emulate the day;
Gigantic statues dight in Moorish dress,
A solemn dreadful majesty express;
Each stepp'd his right foot forward on the floor,
And rais'd a sabre wet with human gore.
The knight advanc'd, with dauntless courage bold;
The coffin-lid flew up, and the bell toll'd.
The pale blue flame once more becomes his guide,
Glides on, and rests upon the coffin's side.
Up rose a shrouded fair, whose dazzling charms
Shone thro' her veil, and t'wards him stretch'd her arms:
The sable figures clash'd their swords, and frown'd,
And stamping, like an earthquake shook the ground.
Sir Bertrand rush'd into the fair's embrace;
Her kisses burnt, her tears bedew'd his face.

The

A FRAGMENT.

19

The black grim monsters gave a horrid yell;
The building's centre shook, and crashing fell.
A sudden trance benumb'd Sir Bertrand's sense,
And for a moment wav'd his recompence:
When waking, what astonishment! to find
Upon a velvet couch his limbs reclin'd.
Altho' at ev'ry court the knight had been,
Such vast magnificence he ne'er had seen.
He views the chrystal lustres with amaze,
His dazzled sight scarce bears so bright a blaze:
A thousand tapers 'round the room were plac'd;
A sumptuous banquet here the middle grac'd.
The doors to dulcet sounds now open wide,
And now an angel form the knight descried.
In words her splendor to describe were vain;
Her nymphs like Graces sported in her train.

Slow she advanc'd ; and falling on her knee,

She thank'd him for her life and liberty.

'The nymphs plac'd laurel garlands on his head.

Now to the banquet by the hand she led

The knight, elate with manly honest pride ;

And, sitting down, she plac'd him at her side.

The nymphs their stations took about the board,

Which num'rous servants soon with dainties stor'd :

That ev'ry painful thought they might beguile,

Delicious music playing all the while.

The banquet ended : now each nymph retir'd,

And curiosity his bosom fir'd.

Towards a couch he leads the willing fair,

And thus, in humble guise preferr'd his pray'r.

" If aught is due to me, fair lady ! deign

" To speak, and what I've wond'ring seen explain."

She bow'd assent, and thus began : . . .

.

AN

AN ADDRESS TO THE NATION,

OCCASIONED BY A LATE SUICIDE.

Too long condemn'd on suppliant knees to crave ;

See cold neglect consign him to the grave !

His claims on justice now the world can tell :

He serv'd his country, and he serv'd it well.

O fatal prejudice ! to blind the sight,

And rob the man of merit of his right.

Too late, alas ! his death the mist removes ;

And now too late the pitying world approves.

Yet save his honour, save his better part ;

Approve his conduct, tho' you've broke his heart.

One thing alone engag'd his latest care—

He constitutes his family his heir !

O! dry those eyes yourselves have taught to weep,

Nor suffer slumb'ring justice still to sleep:

Poor is the recompence you now can give,

Since father, friend, and husband cease to live.

AN ADDRESS TO —

ON THE PREMATURE DEATH OF THE LATE UNFORTUNATE

MR. SUTHERLAND.

GOOD as you're great, no longer let in vain

A faithful subject of hard fate complain:

Shut not your — ears against his pray'r;

Nor let his children like himself despair.

By penury and want too long oppress'd;

By loss of health, the worst of wants, distress'd;

No place to hide his poor distracted head;

In misery too proud to beg his bread;

He

He knew from justice what's to merit due;
He felt his right—and that he claim'd from you.
Alas! how oft you've heard his duteous cries,
The drops of anguish streaming from his eyes;
Humbled in dust, how oft he knelt to prove
A faithful subject's loyalty and love;
'Till robb'd of hope, o'ercome by care and grief,
His vanquish'd spirit fought in death relief.
Now low are laid the honours of his head,
And all his finest feelings now are dead;
No smile or frown can joy or pain impart;
No hopes delusive play around his heart.
If aught to long neglected merit's due,
O mighty ——! the boon must come from you:
The helpless aged, and the youthful fair,
The widow and the orphans claim your care.

THE SUICIDE.

HIS paly cheek upon his hand reclin'd,
And look despondent, speaks his tortur'd mind.
Reason, unequal to the task alone,
By mad'ning furies drove, forsakes her throne;
Headlong they urge their bold but doubtful way,
And down the precipice of fate they drag their prey.
So shall you see, when beating waves assail
The bark, dismantled by the furious gale;
In vain the skilful mariner shall ply
The useless sail, and ev'ry effort try:
The rudder gone, she splits upon the reef,
And one wide mischief shrouds the crew in death.

MELANCHOLY

25

MELANCHOLY EFFUSIONS.

AH! what avails the hoarded shining store?

What, tho' a thousand slaves thy nod obey?

The hapless wretch for ever must be poor,

Whose heart's to grief, fell canker-worm, a prey.

The gilded coach, the glare and pomp of wealth,

That oft the happy and the thoughtless please;

High honours, titles, and the glow of health,

Are nothing, when the heart is ill at ease.

The sun in vain shall rise upon the day,

In vain diffuse around its radiant light;

In vain shall Nature all her gifts display,

To cheer the mind where reigns eternal night.

O Melan-

O Melancholy ! such thy baneful pow'r,

T'hou mak'st the mind fair pleasure's dreary tomb ;

Thou from the eye command'st the briny show'r,

And mak'st e'en joy increase the hateful gloom.

EPITAPH,

ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN C——, OF ——

NEAR to this modest monument doth lie

An honest man, on earth a prodigy.

Abandon'd world ! 'tis yours to weep and grieve ;

'Twere pity with you longer he should live :

Omnipotence, to make its justice even,

To punish you hath ta'en his soul to heav'n.

RATIONAL AMBITION.

IF to my choice my future lot was giv'n,
 A few but faithful friends I'd ask of heav'n.
 With haughty learning's treasures I'd dispense,
 O'erbalanc'd by the better gift of sense.
 No honours from philosophy I'd claim,
 Contented with the humbler Christian's name.
 A mod'rate house I'd ask, nor small nor great;
 Nor should convenience yield to useless state.
 An income much below ambition's aim;
 A decent independence, all I claim.
 Business to scour the mind from rust of care
 I'd have enough; of time, enough to spare

No

No master my free will should have, but One;
And few domestics my controul should own.
Did Av'rice or Ambition hither stray,
Content should drive the miscreants away.
Of rosy health I'd ask thro' life my fill,
And owe it more to temperance than skill.
Since passions sometime will invade the mind,
I'd strive to hate but who hate all mankind.
And as this life cannot for ever last,
I'd view with chearfulness the portion past;
Conscious what blessings here my steps attend,
I'd view with calmness that which ne'er shall end.

ON SEEING A YOUNG LADY IN ILL HEALTH.

SEE, fell Disease, with potent sway,

Which riots thro' her fev'rish veins,

Has stole her from herself away,

And scarce her lovely form remains.

Those eyes which lately shone so bright,

No lustre now, alas! disclose;

The lily, drefs'd in spotless white,

Now triumphs o'er the vanquish'd rose.

That voice that charm'd the list'ning ear,

On her parch'd tongue now feebly dies;

And now no other sounds we hear,

But plaints, and moans, and struggling sighs.

Learn

Learn hence, ye vain and thoughtless fair,
Who prize the pleasing fading toy,
That beauty's little worth your care,
Which sickness can so soon destroy.

TO A YOUNG LADY, BETWEEN SEVEN AND
EIGHT YEARS OF AGE,

WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH AN ELEGANT
BOUQUET OF ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

SWEET girl! thy imitative pow'rs

Astonish and delight;

Sure Nature never painted flow'rs

More perfect to the sight.

The

TO A YOUNG LADY

31

The ruddy rose, Narcissus pale,

The pink of various hue,

The humble lily of the vale,

The violet so blue.

Long may the rose of health adorn

Thy cheek, my lovely maid;

There bloom each bright succeeding morn,

And never, never fade.

Emblem of innocence we see

The pale Narcissus shine;

Pure as that flow'r, O! may'st thou be

Such innocence be thine.

The

The pink resembles human life,

Chequer'd with good and ill;

But may'st thou find throughout the strife

The good prevailing still.

Avoid disgusting hateful pride,

Whate'er your lot may be;

And let the humble lily guide

You to humility.

So shall you like the violet

In choicest sweets abound;

So shall you live, whate'er your fate,

Diffusing pleasure 'round.

A THOUGHT.

A THOUGHT.

THY tyranny, O Prejudice! doth bind
 The soul in fetters, and enslave the mind;
 Or tell me whence this coward dread can be,
 To ope the prison door and set me free;
 Assert my liberty whene'er I please,
 And doubting linger, whilst I keep the keys?

A MORNING WALK.

YE sons of sloth, enjoy your soft repose;
Whilst I, with spirits airy, light, and gay,
Behold the beauties which the morn disclose,
And breathe the fragrance of the infant day.
As thro' the verdant meads I nimbly pass,
Warm'd by the sun's refulgent chearing rays,
With eager steps I brush the dewy grass,
The cattle greet me with their harmless gaze.

What

A MORNING WALK.

35

What charming melody now strikes mine ear?

The thrush and black-bird, tenants of the grove;

'Tis Nature's concert I with rapture hear,

In artless notes they tell the tale of love.

In yonder field I view the smoaking team,

With steady pace, drag the slow plow along;

Almost insensible to toil they seem,

Whilst listening to the plow-boy's rustic song.

May plenteous crops reward thy useful care!

Fear not thy honest labour's spent in vain;

For Nature's God will grant thy earnest prayer,

And fill thy hovels with the yellow grain.

Along the limpid river's mossy side,
Snuffing the fragrant morning gale, I stray;
Whose silver waters onward gently glide,
The bright companions of my devious way.

Now banks projecting interrupt their course,
And curling eddies dimple all the flood;
Now down the steep they rush with headlong force,
Now swiftly gliding reach the distant wood.

Slowly I climb the lofty mountain's side;
Its summit gain'd, I feast my greedy eye;
I view the sea, and hear the roaring tide,
Whilst o'er my head the screaming sea-gulls fly.

Again

Again descending to the vale below,

O'er the gay carpet now I lightly tread,

Where daisies, violets, and cowslips grow,

To where yon farm-house rears its humble head.

The rosy milk-maid from her snow-white pail,

With courteous freedom innocently gay,

Invites to taste the wholesome rich regale,

And now refresh'd, I homeward take my way.

LINES,

OCCASIONED BY SEEING A YOUNG LADY, WHOSE CHARACTER
HAD BEEN CRUELLY AND FALSELY ASPERSED.

VIEWING the mounting rocket with amaze,
Our eyes are dazzled with too fierce a blaze:
Its impulse spent, to earth again inclines,
And falling, with a milder lustre shines.
So you, too charming in perfection's dress,
Had been more lov'd, had you deserv'd it less.
Envy, to perfect what the gods have made,
Around you sheds a mild but pervious shade;
Thro' that false medium to assist the sight,
Our eyes behold you with increas'd delight.

TER



THE

MIRROR.



ILLAM QUICQUID AGIT, ~~QUICQUID~~ VESTIGIA FLECTIT,

COMPONIT FURTIM, SUBSEQUITUR DECOR.

TIBULL. ELEG. 2. L. 4 V. 8.

THE MIRROR.

APPROACH, ye lovely few ! Alas ! I fear,
When thus invited, few will venture near.
Ye whose interior charms shine thro' your form,
Whose native graces ev'ry heart can warm,
Gaily advance, nor be of truth afraid,
And view your heav'nly portraits here display'd.
Perfection see, complete in ev'ry part,
Beyond the nicest painter's glowing art
Beyond description's pow'r—beyond all sense—
Beyond the force of love or eloquence.

Come

Come first, ye maids, contented with your fate,
Who never long'd to try the marriage state;
Who either sex have equally approv'd,
Nor one provok'd, nor yet the other lov'd;
Ye who despise the shallow foppish race,
Nor wish, but once, to see each public place;
Too steady e'er to form a wish to roam,
Contented with your fortune and your home;
Who never knew a thought or did a sin,
Which, told, with red would tinge your snowy skin;
Who, free from pride, ill-nature, affectation,
Your duty find a pleasant recreation:
Fearless draw near, and view a heav'nly creature,
Angelic sweetness shining in each feature.
Next in true beauty, ye chaste wives appear,
Whose hearts from love are constant—not from fear;
Whose

Whose chearful inclinations, hand in hand,
Have still kept pace with every command
Of him, to whom the gods resign your fate,
Unless his wishes ye anticipate—
To whom mankind, except to him ye swear
To love, are nought but just as pictures are;
Whose prudent management can make appear
Five hundred as a thousand pounds a year,
Yet ne'er compel the hospitable door
T' exclude the friendly rich nor helpless poor;
Who can each fond endearment well repay,
And only sigh when husbands go astray;
Who, by your wisdom and your prudent care,
Have uniformly shunn'd temptation's snare;
Or, if assail'd, such virtue have display'd,
As the bold tempter utterly dismay'd.

Ye

Ye glorious patterns of the nuptial state
Approach, behold! majestically great!
The awful dignity upon the brow
Of her, who rigid keeps her marriage vow;
Commanding love from all the good and just,
Exacting admiration from the worst.
Lastly draw near, but not the least in fame,
Ye, who the world doth widow'd matrons name;
Who have with honour the first stages pass'd,
And with true fortitude now bear the last;
Whose fix'd affections, spite of fate, will live,
Whose husbands in your memory survive;
Who, wedded to your first fond vows, ne'er prove
Participation in adult'rous love;
Whose offsprings never moan a father gone,
Finding two parents can unite in one;

Whose

Whose sage examples innocence preserve,
And back to virtue guide those feet that swerve;
Whose candid praises strengthen wisdom's law,
And teach us vice and folly to abhor;
Who chearfulness with gravity can blend,
And seem at once the monitor and friend;
Approach the mirror—and, as ye draw near,
Behold! a majesty divine appear;
Whether ye speak, where'er ye look or move,
At once creating joy, esteem, and love.
Such are the beauties which alone can view
Themselves with pleasure in a glass so true:
For ye, who Folly's standard have display'd,
And quited Wisdom for the silly maid;
And ye, who midnight masquerades pursue,
And waste your health, and lose your beauty too;
And,

And, seiz'd with phrensy, game your wealth away,
 Nor start to stake your honour at your play;
 Should ye approach, so frightful you'd appear,
 At your own forms ye would run mad with fear.

ON A LADY,

WHO DIED SOON AFTER HER LYING IN

A Humble tale of artless woe,

If e'er thy soul was tun'd to grief,

Shall to thy sorrows yield relief,

If from comparifon it flow.

But, gentle stranger, you must be

A lover of fimplicity.

A pair

A pair of constant tender doves
By parity of souls were join'd,
For each possess'd a sister mind,
And mutual were their loves.
But, stranger, 'tis no tale for thee,
Unless thou lov'st simplicity.

The female with parental care
Essay'd to rear the pledge of love,
A blessing granted from above:
Ill-fated gift to such a pair!
Yet still it is no tale for thee,
Unless thou lov'st simplicity.

Fond

LINES, WRITTEN ON THE

Fond hapless lover! left below,
Heart-rending sighs and scalding tears,
And grief augmenting irksome years,
Are all, alas! that thou shalt know;
Except the drops of sympathy
From eyes that love simplicity.

WRITTEN ON THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY,

AND ADDRESSED TO ———.

BEFORE the cock awakes the day,
Or sportive lambkins 'gin to play,
The choicest flowers hither bring,
The eldest children of the spring;
And fancy aid me to entwine
A garland for my Valentine.

The

FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

The snow-drop pure, in whitest dress,

Doth well her spotless mind express;

The humble violet be found,

Diffusing pleasant odours round,

Unconscious 'tis so sweet and fine—

And so my charming Valentine.

Let the fresh myrtle here be seen,

Cloathed in everlasting green.

Oh! may that shrub an emblem prove

Of lasting friendship, endless love!

May ev'ry grace and virtue shine

Resplendent in my Valentine!

ON SEEING A SEVERE POETIC CENSURE ON A
CERTAIN CHARACTER.

SEPE DECEM VITIIS INSTRUCTION ODIT ET HORRET.

HOR. EP. 18. L. I. V. 25.

BEFORE we venture others acts to scan,
And judge with rigour faulty erring man,
'Twere well to think amongst us all how few
The narrow paths of rectitude pursue.
Spotless indeed and pure that swan should be,
Who boldly asks, What bird's as white as me?

Happy's

Happy's the man, and most supremely blest,
Who hides no aching crime within his breast;
Who kindly can another's faults bemoan,
And humbly thankful feels them not his own;
Who strives by reason's mild persuasive voice,
To recommend a wiser, better choice;
Who fears to judge, nor dares apply the rod—
Leaves punishment and vengeance to his God.

THE

COUNTRY APOTHECARY'S SURGERY.

BEHIND the house in secret ambush lies
A room, impervious to vulgar eyes ;
Where jars and gallipots, in bright array,
Eclipse the beams of Sol's refulgent ray,
When in full pride his golden chariot flies
Thro' the wide azure of the liquid skies.
Here the grim skeleton (terrific sight !)
Hangs, the untutor'd peasant to affright ;
Who, staring, thinks he learns his fearful doom
From the once tenant of the silent tomb.

Spatulas,

Spatulas, scissars, and the crooked blade,

In shining rows upon the counter laid,

Instruments direful of the healing trade.

Abortions, monsters, reptiles, (hateful shew!)

In chrystal vases, form an useless row.

Here the deluded female's reeky gore

With crimson oft hath dy'd the blushing floor,

Whose heart led captive by the wily boy,

Had antedated her connubial joy.

The debauchée, who chaster pleasures flies,

And bids to Venus hundred altars rise,

In luckless hour incurs a fell disease,

And hither comes in search of health and ease.

Here the grim tyrant's agents all appear,

In quick succession, each revolving year.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK PAGE AT THE END OF
A PAMPHLET,

ENTITLED

AN ACCOUNT OF THE INSURRECTION OF THE NEGROES
IN ST. DOMINGO, IN THE YEAR 1792.

LONGA EST INJURIA, LONGÆ

AMBAGES.

VIRG. ÆN. I. V. 345.

FORBEAR, unthinking men! (if not too late)

With clam'rous tongues to tempt your country's fate:

Your minds emancipate, nor longer be

Dupes to design, miscall'd philanthropy.

Deterr'd by sad example, deign to learn

What mischiefs from such conduct others earn.

Hapless

LINES ON ST. DOMINGO.

Hapless Domingo ! stain'd with human gore,
Thy sons in consternation fly thy shore:
Rebellion now o'er order bears command,
And rapes and blood pollute thy wretched land.
With savage force from helpless mothers torn,
On pikes impal'd, see mangled infants borne;
Whose monstrous sorrows stop the briny flood;
Whose weeping hearts drop bitter tears of blood.
Across a father's corse a daughter see,
The cruel victim of brutality.
See passion fell extinguish nature's fire,
And lift the guilty hand against the fire.
Here cruelty exhausts her ample store,
And exercises crimes unknown before.

Say! can that * wretch for liberty contend,

Who lost the name of master in the friend?

In vain the † humane heart does pity shew,

Where misplac'd kindness augments human woe.

* A negro who murdered his master, notwithstanding he had been distinguished by many acts of kindness.

† M. Odeluc, attorney to M. Galifet.

ON SEEING MISS A. BIGGS PERFORM;

FIRST, IN THE CHARACTER OF ALICIA, IN JANE SHORE;
AFTERWARDS IN LUCY, IN THE VIRGIN UNMASK'D.

SEE lovely Biggs, with just theatric art,
At once distress and interest the heart:
Her tragic pow'rs with horror chill the blood,
And from our eyes command the briny flood:
Her art from sympathy such tribute draws,
Whilst crouded numbers sob forth just applause.
But when in comedy her skill she tries,
The trembling drops forsake our reddened eyes;
Some gaze with rapture, some with wonder stare,
And boisterous plaudits rend the yielding air.

LINES,

LINES,

ON A YOUNG LADY WEeping.

HAVE you not seen Aurora's face

Beam with a chaster milder grace,

When, on an April morn,

She rises blushing in the east,

In watry clouds divinely drest,

And smiles upon the dawn?

So

So you, too charming lovely maid,

Most beautiful in tears array'd,

Inspire increas'd delight;

For when expos'd in all your charms,

You fill our breasts with fierce alarms,

And blind our dazzled sight.

Still, angel form, forbear to grieve,

And not our tortur'd sense relieve

By punishing the heart:

Blaze forth again, resume your sway,

Behold! a willing world obey,

Transfix'd by beauty's dart.

THE ANGLER.

TO THE LADIES.

BENEATH a willow's ample shade,

Protected from the scorching ray,

In musing guise see Strephon laid,

Intent upon his scaly prey.

The genius of the stream, with down-cast eye,

Beheld, and moan'd in vain, the danger nigh.

She thus address'd the finny brood,

That fearless sported in the flood:

"Of man beware, distrust his art,

"The emblem of his falser heart;

"Nor gorge the gilded bait, elude his care,

"O! shun the well-feign'd lure, for death lurks there."

In

In vain she taught. The barbed ill,
From lengthen'd line, floats in the air;
The aiding winds assist his skill;

The falsehood drops, and death was there:
The struggling trembling victim finds too late
The foul deceit, and writhing yields to fate.

O! learn from hence, ye yielding fair,
How artful man ye trust;
So shall ye shun the well-laid snare,
For man's but seldom just.

Let Reason intercept the fruitless tear,
Which falls too late on murder'd Virtue's bier.

ON A PROUD PEEVISH LITTLE WOMAN.

LITTLE, fretful, trifling thing,

Captious, waspish, snarling elf,

Cease your restless figitting,

And think humbly of yourself.

Art thou, presumptuous little wight,

So very void of common sense,

That thou dar'st arrogate a right

To wear an air of consequence?

What would you say? For shame forbear,

If on its native cheese you'd see

A mite assume a haughty air,

And cry, The world was made for me.

SONG.

SONG.

WHEN I with rapture gaze, forbear
 With frowns to disapprove;
 Your face alone, too cruel fair,
 My eyes behold with love.

To ease my tortur'd breast I rove,
 And seek a nymph more kind;
 And to her feign a tale of love;
 But no relief can find.

TWO

My constant heart averse to change,
 And like the needle true;
 By force compell'd a time to range,

TWO QUESTIONS,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

IF mighty love's resistless flame

Attacks a tender heart,

Say, Phyllis, is the youth to blame

Who feels the cruel smart?

Should reason's dictates prove too weak,

And all its efforts vain,

To curb the torrent—Phyllis, speak,

Would you relieve his pain?

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

FAREWELL Cupid—I defy

All your engines, youth, or beauty;

Never more a sparkling eye

Shall bewitch me from my duty.

Bacchus, at thy fane I swear

Love to sacrifice and Care.

E

Should

Should I meet a form inviting,

Lovely as the sea-born queen,

Ev'ry sensitive nerve delighting,

Half as fair as one I've seen;

Bacchus, at thy fane I swear

Love to sacrifice and Care.

Ingratitude I've found can lie

Lurking in the brightest eye.

Farewell beauty, false delusion!

'Tis my best and last conclusion,

Bacchus, at thy fane to swear

Love to sacrifice and Care.

THE WISH.

O! For a draught of Lethe's stream,

Whose strong oblivious pow'r might prove

My present cares a fleeting dream,

And, by forgetting, cure my love.

MORNING.

NOW Phœbus, glowing in the east,

Proclaims the near approach of morn;

Displays (the radiant light increas'd)

The pendant dew-drop on the thorn.

The lusty plowmen cheerly drive
Their teams, to till the fallow ground;
And jocund sportsmen now derive
Sweet transports from the op'ning hound.

Maria, with her milking pail
Of snowy hue, see trip along;
Whilst Echo, from the distant vale,
Repeats the blithesome damsel's song.

The sky-lark mounting strains his throat,
And, sweetly warbling, seems to pay,
In each shrilly thrilling note,
Devotion to the God of day.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

ON yonder bank see Strephon lie,
His soul oppress'd with keenest grief;
Observe that bursting heartfelt sigh,
Which seems to yield a faint relief.

See! see! he starts, and wildly stares,
And furious smites his tortur'd breast;
'The wretched seat of all the cares
Which rob the hapless youth of rest.

Hark! now he speaks. "Ye gods! ah! why

"Am I reserv'd for pangs like these?

"Is it by anguish thus ye try

"To break the heart estrang'd to ease?

"O, Phyllis!—once lov'd name—but now,

"Alas! the cause of all my care.

"Ye list'ning gods, ye heard the vow:

"She's false—and leaves me to despair.

"Still, tho' she's false, ye pow'rs divine,

"If perjur'd vows for vengeance call,

"Let, let her ev'ry fault be mine,

"On me let all your anger fall.

"May

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

" May angels guard thee, cruel fair!

" From ev'ry harm, O! may they save;

" Whilst I alone their anger bear,"

He said—and plung'd beneath the wave.

A WISH.

AT some pleasant country cot,

Near a plenteous market town,

Grant, ye gods, may be my lot,

When age o'ertakes, to fit me down.

Let some river roll its tide

Near at hand; a public road;

A fruitful garden large and wide:

Such I'd make my last abode.

Convenient be my house, tho' small,

Fit to entertain a friend,

Who might deign sometimes to call,

Where rural scenes the mind unbend.

Here I'd spend my latest hour,

Void of care or of offence;

And patient wait, 'till the Great Pow'r

Should please to call my spirit hence.

SONG.

YE stars that yield a glimm'ring light,

And faintly twinkle thro' the night;

Alas! the little light ye lend

But poorly doth the world befriend.

Ye pale lamps of the vaulted skies,

What are ye, when the moon doth rise?

Ye violets and cowslips sweet,

That first the coming spring do greet;

Ye hyacinths of pearly blue,

And daffodils of yellow hue;

Ye virgins of the infant years,

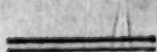
What are ye, when the rose appears?

Ye

Ye chanters of the leafy spray,
Who gaily carol thro' the day;
Whose tender tales of artless loves,
With music fill the shady groves;
What is your sweetest woodland note,
When Philomela tunes her throat?

What stars are to bright Luna's ray,
Or lesser flow'rs to roses gay;
Or notes that t' other birds belong,
Compar'd to Philomela's song;
So must all other maidens prove,
And shrink before the maid I love.

TO PHYLLIS.



ON pleasure's airy filken wings

My hours with transport flew ;

The regal pomp or wealth of kings

Seem'd trifles to my view.

Contentment fill'd my happy breast,

No cares or grief I knew ;

Each tranquil joy my soul possess'd,

'Till put to flight by you.

A POETICAL

A POETICAL EPISTLE.

DEAR sir, from no Parnassian height

My humble muse shall take a flight.

The reason's good—I'll tell you why—

Her ladyship ne'er climb'd so high;

The beaten path, quite easy made,

Best suits the unambitious jade.

To interest, as you peruse,

My letter should abound with news;

At least some entertaining tale

Should o'er your risibles prevail;

As

As who and who were caught together,
Upon a bed of soft goose-feather;
Which female with most taste is dress'd;
Who dances, sings, or plays the best;
Who's most for form and beauty fam'd,
And who is for good nature blam'd;
Whether the gown, phyfic, or law,
Present the foot à-la-Artois;
Or if the busy sons of trade
Are routed by the smart cockade.
These, and ten thousand other things,
Which Scandal bears upon her wings,
Your ear'd regale, if told with art,
But ne'er could gratify your heart.
I've not acceded to the league,
Of course know little of intrigue.

My

My intelligence can't be great,

As I'm but an initiate.

One thing I can with pleasure tell,

Myself and all your friends are well;

That information is your due,

Because 'twill give you pleasure too.

The family at ——— presents

By me to you their compliments.

Esteem, regard from me receive,

And to my friends best wishes give.

Believe me to my promise true

Farewell. Write soon. Dear sir, adieu.

TO DELIA.

How can I silently behold a form,
 Would melt indiff'rence, or a hermit warm;
 Such beauties as outshine the blaze of day,
 Which dazzle, whilst I gaze my soul away?

ABSENCE.

Now no longer with pleasure my heart shall dilate,
 For since Phyllis has left me I'll murmur at fate;
 Free my sorrows shall flow, and incessant I'll moan,
 And I'll chide the slow hours 'till my fair one's return.

When

When my Phyllis was here then all nature look'd gay,
And tho' winter, each bush wore the verdure of May :
But now she is gone 'twas delusion I find,
For the season's as joyless and sad as my mind.

Return, sweetest maid, the deception restore,
And to sad reality leave me no more;
'Tis your presence I find makes each shrub look so gay,
And tho' winter, all nature will seem like the May.

Ah! stay not too long, lest my grief should devour
My youth, and I die, like some ill-fated flow'r,
To whose beauties the sun its kind influence denies,
'Till it languishing droops, and then withering dies.

THE SIGH.

GO, tender heart-born sigh, with swallow haste,
And in a zephyr's breath assail her breast:
Nature's sweet incense gather as you fly;
And tell in whispers, 'tis for her I die.

But should her conscious worth disdain the prize,
Won by her fascinating lovely eyes,
Then utter faintly with thy dying breath,
I bless the cruel hand that gives me death.

F

INGREDIENTS

INGREDIENTS,

ESSENTIAL TO FORM A MODERN T—— J——.

OF pride and conceit take a quantum immense,
But be sure to leave out what is stil'd common/sense;
Should one grain, tho' by accident, gain its admission,
It would certainly damage the whole composition.
Some int'rest at court if thrown in is of use,
And a talent for scolding and venting abuse:
But beware to keep knowledge and law in the dark,
For discernment and knowledge belong to his clerk.
Whoe'er the above can possess, in despite
Of the de'il, all his life will be sure to do right.

LINES,

LINES, SENT TO DR. S——,

(WHO WAS VERY FOND OF GARDENING, AND JUST RECOVERING
FROM A VERY SEVERE INDISPOSITION)

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

ON you may heav'n soon bestow
The greatest blessing mortals know.
May rosy health, a welcome guest,
Return, in grateful splendor dress'd;
And baleful sickness turn'd adrift,
Fly at Hygeia's new-year's gift.
When I again your labours see,
A pleasure both to you and me,

Your garden's beauty then shall mend,

Nor longer moan its absent friend ;

Which seems with sad regret to bear

The loss of your once wonted care.

The flow'ry tribe, with odours sweet,

Shall strive your glad return to greet.

And many rivals shall be found

Shedding their fragrant sweets around,

With colours delicate and rare,

Each striving most to own your care.

Whilst many more shall join their voice

To mine, and gladly shall rejoice,

To learn from sickness and from pain

Their friend's restor'd to health again.

ON LOVE.

LOVE's mighty force refitless mortals feel,
 Than chains more binding, sharper far than steel.
 None can the wily archer's guiles withstand;
 Heroes and fools alike own his command.

TO PHYLLIS.

O! Phyllis, how vainly I strive
 To chase your fair form from my heart;
 Each effort my passion revives,
 And still deeper fixes the dart.

If I'm guilty in loving of you,

Sure Nature that made you so fair,

By exposing such charms to my view,

Had resolv'd my poor heart to insnare.

How cruel, how greatly unkind,

(Say, have I not cause to complain?)

In love to enfetters my mind,

Then tell me I love but in vain.

O! could my sad plaint touch your heart,

Did but pity my sorrows await,

With patience I'd suffer the smart,

And resignedly yield to my fate.

QUESTIONS,

QUESTIONS,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

SUPPOSE, seduc'd by charms divine,

Beyond a mortal fair,

Where beauty, youth, and grace combine,

To spread the treach'rous snare:

Say, could your heart with cold disdain

Reject his profer'd love?

Say, must his fondest hopes prove vain?

O! could you disapprove?

In early youth, with cruel hate,

Say, could you bear to see,

Condemn'd to die by you and fate,

His fault but loving thee?

ADDRESS TO MORPHEUS.

RETURN, return, delusive joy,

Once more my raptur'd sense employ ;

O! friendly Morpheus, kindly shed

Your choicest poppies round my head :

Let me once more the dream of bliss regain,

Too cheaply purchas'd by an age of pain.

In

In vain on suppliant knees I pray'd,
No list'ning god would lend his aid:
The dream was fled; returning sense
Had chas'd the false delusion hence;
And like the fallen angel's dreadful curse,
I'd tasted bliss, and felt its loss the worse.

Methought the lovely Delia said,
This jetty honour of my head
Receive, nor doubt but it shall prove
A pledge of constancy and love.
Such joy as Jason felt flash'd from my eyes,
When he from Colchis bore the golden prize.

ADDRESS TO HOPE.

HOPE, thou friendly kind deluder,

Ever flatt'ring the distress'd ;

Come, thou welcome sweet intruder,

Build thy throne within my breast.

Cheat my senses, banish reason,

Fill with fairy dreams my mind ;

Blind perception for a season,

'Till Narcissa proves more kind.

Should the charming fair, relenting,

Smile, and ease me of my pain ;

Of her cruelty repenting,

Restore my faculties again.

ABSENCE.

ABSENCE.

WHEN absent from the fair I love,
My heart no joy shall know;
One constant tedious round I prove
Of unavailing woe.

In anxious watchfulness my nights
Pass heavily away;
No more I taste of past delights,
To pale wan grief a prey.

O! sad reverse! I once was blest
With her whom I adore;
My peaceful heart was then at rest,
But now I'm blest no more.

ADDRESS.

ADDRESS TO CUPID.

THOU, mighty God, O! kindly deign
To hear a love-sick youth complain;
Oblige fair Delia's heart to own
A flame as ardent as my own.
But should she still relentless prove,
To all the eloquence of love;
O! grant the youth, whome'er she chuse,
May all her profer'd charms refuse;
Make him and all his sex combine,
To treat her heart as she treats mine.

LINES,

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO ———

MISTAKEN man! in vain you search for joys
 'Mongst trulls to porters, grooms, and 'prentice boys.
 In vain the chymist's art would strive to find
 The rose's sweets in weeds of rankest kind;
 Some deleterious juice perhaps he gains,
 The just reward of his inutile pains.
 The vulgar shameful stuff from such you hear,
 Strikes inharmonious upon the ear.
 How can the staring of the dauntless eye
 With modest, timid, blushing feelings vie?
 Half giving, half refusing of the kifs,
 Stamps higher value on the charming blifs.

ON

ON HAPPINESS.

AS various ills on various fortunes wait,
And some are curs'd because they are not great;
Whilst others sadly moan the rankling stings
That goad the aching hearts of mighty kings.
Shall all despair to find that pleasing bliss,
That long-sought wish'd-for transport, Happiness?
Alas! who miss'd it knew not what it meant:
Mistaken mortals know—it is Content.

TO DELIA.

SURE Nature did create those charms

To fill some happy mortal's arms.

Come then, sweet maid, and with me prove

The ecstasies of mutual love.

Was all the wealth of India mine,

I'd cheerfully the prize resign.

Of thee possess'd, the guilty great

Unenvied might enjoy their state.

Your smiles would make me greater far

Than haughty scepter'd monarchs are.

Give me your heart, and that alone

Would well compensate for a throne.

TO CHLOE.

TO win the maid I fondly love,
I'd gladly ev'ry danger brave;
Each toilsome labour chearful prove,
Or patient live a willing slave.

Expos'd where murd'rous bullets fly,
Her heart the prize, I'd boldly dare
My fate, nor fear for her to die,
For living she's alone my care.

But hapless is the wretch's fate,
Whose hopeless passion still must live;
Who finds—but finds, alas! too late,
Compassion's all the fair must give.

TO A LADY,

ON THE DEATH OF HER FAVOURITE GOLDFINCH.

ALTHOUGH her bird, with tuneful pipe,

No more delights her ears,

The muse with friendly hand shall wipe

Away Maria's tears.

The gilded cage, thy tend'rest care,

In vain invites to stay;

Its soul, as free as subtile air,

Escapes, and flits away.

Think, lovely maid, on some green tree,

The pride of yonder grove,

Thy fav'rite blest'd again you see,

With liberty and love.

G

AN

AN EPIGRAM,

ON TWO CROSS OLD MAIDS.

LET not fell care corrode your minds,

But give your sorrows to the winds.

I swear, ye are bewitching creatures;

For yours are truly witches features.

ANOTHER,

ON AN OLD LADY, WHO PAINTED EXTRAVAGANTLY.

FORBEAR in masquerade to kill,

Nor lead us captive 'gainst our will:

Such tyranny can't be endur'd;

Shew but your face, and we are cur'd.

ON

ON INFANCY.

BLESS'D Infancy! thou charming happy state,

Unmov'd by all the cares that vex the great;

Thy little wants with ease thy friends supply;

Thy days and hours in tranquil pleasures fly.

ON EXCESSIVE JOY.

EXCESSIVE joy disorders the weak frame

Destroys our health, and fills our veins with flame;

Fatal to nature's pow'rs, obstructs the breath,

And ev'ry faculty dissolves in death.

PRESENTED TO A LADY, WITH A MANUSCRIPT
COLLECTION OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

WHILST costly presents others bring,

Their passion's force to prove,

Accept, from the Castalian spring,

This token of my love.

Had I the riches of Peru,

Golconda's diamond mine,

My heart disint'rested and true

Would make the treasure thine.

Some water from the poor man's cup,

A king deign'd to receive;

And kindly smiling, drank it up—

'Twas all he had to give.

FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP

IN

LOW LIFE.

FRIENDSHIP IN LOW LIFE; *exemplified in the case of*
two Sailors, who were cast away, and detained a long
time Slaves in Algiers, and who made their escape by swimming
off to a British ship. A relation founded in fact.

LIBERTAS; QUÆ SERA TAMEN RESPEXIT INERTEM.

VIRG. ECL. I. V. 28.

FRIENDSHIP IN LOW LIFE.

VIRTUE and vice inherent are in all,
And brightest shine when education's small;
Of foreign aids divested, stronger shew,
When in uncultivated minds they glow.
Two honest sailors, little known to fame,
This Anthony, and that we Roger name;
The one a Spaniard, one a British tar,
And both enslav'd by the blind chance of war;
But tho' of diff'rent countries you find
Were near ally'd by nobleness of mind.
Between them friendship daily seem'd to grow,
For strongest friendship's built on mutual woe;

Together oft they mourn'd their hapless fates,
And this would weep whilst that his tale relates;
Their cruel bondage was, or seem'd to be,
Alleviated by sweet sympathy.

Upon a rock, which overhung the deep,
These wretched strangers oft would work and weep:
And Roger, deeply sighing, oft would say—

“ You see, my friend, that vast and watry way;

“ On a far-distant shore my widow'd wife

“ And orphan babes bewail my doubtful life.

“ Oh! that with thee I could escape, and give

“ New life to those who almost cease to live.”

From Roger's lips such words ne'er fail'd to flow,

Whene'er he view'd the vast expanse below.

As o'er the sea he cast his wishful eyes,

An English ship he joyfully espies.

Oh!

- " Oh ! my dear friend," he cries, " once more be free,
" Let's taste once more the sweets of liberty.
" See, see, she grows upon our ravish'd sight;
" My pulse beats high with exquisite delight.
" Haste, let us plunge into the glassy deep,
" Regain our liberties, or cease to weep;
" For should we find, alas ! a watry grave,
" 'Twere better die than live a wretched slave."
" Go then, my friend, my better half begone,
" Nor moan to leave your Anthony alone.
" I know not how with dext'rous arm to cleave,
" And float my body on the yielding wave;
" Before you reach the ship your strength you'll spend,
" Nor shall you fail, encumber'd by your friend;
" For should I drag you to the shades below,
" Your death would fill me with the keenest woe.

" Make

" Make haste, begone—nor shall I wretched be

" If you escape, and once again are free.

" Come, one farewell embrace before we part,"

He cries, and press'd him to his aching heart.

Roger the moment seiz'd—" You shall be free,

" My friend;" and plung'd together in the sea.

With one he swims, whilst t'other arm doth lend

Its aid, to float his much astonish'd friend.

With vig'rous stroke he swims, and more and more

He gains upon the ship, and leaves the shore.

At length, with fore fatigue almost o'ercome,

" Oh! leave me, Roger, leave me to my doom;

" In vain you strive yourself and me to save,

" Nor do I fear to find a watry grave.

" If you, my friend, but reach the ship alive,

" In you my better half will still survive."

And

And

And now from land, behold, the barb'rous host
Perceive the slaves escaping from their coast.
Quickly they launch the boat, and fierce pursue,
And at each stroke they near and nearer drew.
When Anthony—" Oh! see the savage band
" Approach;" and, sinking, quits his Roger's hand:
" Farewell," he cries, " I but retard your flight;"
And clos'd his eyes, he thought in endless night.
Friendship now stronger glows in Roger's breast,
As virtue's brightest when 'tis most oppress'd;
Again he seizes on his sinking friend,
And t'wards the ship again their way they bend.
Now from on board the gen'rous English crew
Perceive these fly, and see that those pursue.
They point the gun. The shot, which hardly miss'd,
Compell'd the fierce pursuers to desist.

Quick

Quick they desist; for well the wretches know,

The British thunder spares no cruel foe.

Now see, to life and liberty restor'd,

The happy friends receiv'd with joy on board.

Here they on bended knees devoutly gave

Their grateful thanks to Him, whose pow'r can save

The poorest wretch from slav'ry or the grave.

The friendly winds, with kind propitious gales,

Impels their ship, and fills her swelling sails;

Resolv'd, if once they reach the British shore,

To trust the seas and tempt their fates no more.

F I N I S.

10 JY 60

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